

The contention of the two famous Houses,

Qu. Oh Henry, reuerse the doome of gentle Suffolkes banishment.

King. Vngentle Queene to call him gentle *Suffolke*,
Speake not for him, for in England he shall not rest,
If I say, I may relent, but if I sweare, it is irreuocable.
Come good *Warwicke*, and go thou in with me,
For I haue great matters to impart to thee.

Exit King and Warwicke, Manet Qu. and Suffolke.

Queene. Hell fire and vengeance go along with you,
There's two of you, the diuell make the third,
Fie womanish man, canst thou not curse thy enemies?

Suff. A plague vpon them, wherefore should I curse them?
Could curses kill as do the Mandrakes grones,
I would inuent as many bitter termes,
Deliuered strongly through my fixed teeth,
With twice so many signes of deadly hate,
As leane fac'd enuy in her loathsome caue.
My tongue should stumble in mine earnest words,
Mine eyes should sparkle like the beaten flint,
My haire be fixt on end, as one distraught,
And euery ioynt should seeme to curse and ban,
And now me-thinkes my burthened heart would breake,
Should I not curse them. Poison be their drinke,
Gall worse then gall, the daintiest thing they taste.
Their sweetest shade a groue of Cypresse trees.
Their softest touch as smart as lyzards stings.
Their musicke frightfull, like the serpents hisse.
And boding scritch-owles make the consort full.
All the foule terrors in darke seated hell.

Qu. Enough sweete *Suffolke*, thou torments thy selfe.

Suff. You bad me ban, and will you bid me cease?
Now by this ground that I am banisht from,
Well could I curse away a winters night,
And standing naked on a Mountaine top,
Where byting cold would neuer let grasse grow,
And thinke it but a minute spent in sport.

Queene.

Yorke and Lancaster.

Queene. No more. Sweete *Suffolke* hie thee hence to France,
Or liue where thou wilt within this worlds globe,
Ile haue an Irish that shalt finde thee out,
And long thou shalt not stay, but ile haue thee repeald,
Or venter to be banished my selfe.
Oh let this kisse be printed in thy hand,
That when thou seest it, thou maist thinke on me.
Away I say, that I may feele my grieve,
For it is nothing whilst thou standest heere.

Suffolke. Thus is poore *Suffolke* ten times banished,
Once by the King, but three times thrice by thee.

Enter Vawse.

Queene. How now, whither goes *Vawse* so fast?

Vawse. To signifie vnto his Maiesty,
That Cardinall *Bewford* is at point of death,
Sometimes he raues and cries as he were mad,
Sometimes he cals vpon Duke *Hymfries* Ghost,
And whispers to his Pillow as to him,
And sometimes he cals to speake vnto the King,
And I am going to certifie vnto his Grace,
That euen now he cald aloud for him.

Queene. Go then good *Vawse* and certifie the King.
Exit Vawse.

Oh what is worldly pompe, all men must die,
And woe am I for *Bewfords* heauy end.
But why mourne I for him, whilst thou art heere?
Sweete *Suffolke* hie thee hence to France,
For if the King do come, thou sure must die.

Suff. And if I go I cannot liue: but heere to die,
VWhat were it else, but like a pleasant slumber in thy lap,
Heere could I breathe my soule into the ayre,
as milde and gentle as the new borne babe,
That dies with mothers dug betweene his lips,
VWhere from my sight I should be raging madde,
and call for thee to close mine eyes,
Or with thy lips to stop my dying soule,
That I might breathe it so into thy body,

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